

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. IV

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1830.

NO. 11.

THE TRAVELLER.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THREE DAYS AT READING.

The ride from Norristown to Reading is, as every body knows, delightful. Between the two places lies Pottsgrove, one of the neatest and pleasantest little villages in the state. The life of a Pennsylvania Farmer must be one of the most happy and independent in the world. Generally active, hearty and intelligent, their farms exhibit the proficiency in husbandry for which they have acquired so just a celebrity. The land in this and most of the adjoining counties is rich, agreeably diversified with hills and plains. It is also well wooded and watered, and almost invariably under the highest possible state of cultivation. But why should I attempt to portray scenes, or speak of things so familiar to your readers, and with which all are so perfectly acquainted? There is one thing, however, with which I have to find fault in the practice of our farmers in some portions of the state, and that is the illiberal, and to me it appears, unnatural custom of sending the females into the field, to aid in its rough and laborious toils. A farmer may look as rough, and be baked as brown as he pleases. His robust frame and iron hands are the necessary marks of his hard but honorable calling. But then I do not like to see these badges put upon females. They are out of place, unseemly and unchristian-like. To see delicate taper fingers transformed into black crab-claws, and a skin that nature intended to imitate, or perhaps outlive the blended tints of the rose and lily, blackened into hard, thick parchment, is a monstrous profanation; and then the hair, I hate to see its soft, glossy locks, instead of playing in graceful ringlets upon the aforesaid rose and lily, straggling out from under a rusty wool hat, instead of a delicate tab-cap or crazy Jane, as stiff and coarse as unhatched hemp. And it is not alone the looks, but the disposition, the mind, the soul that must suffer; those gentle and beautiful attributes, so essential to the charms of lovely woman, must per force become changed, and resemble the uncouth and ungracious deformity of the sun burnt and sun baked exterior. Many of our farmers have long since abolished the practice, though in the interior it is still the "custom," but a custom so much "more honored in the breach than the observance" that we cannot but hope they will "reform it altogether." But what, you will ask, has all this to do with three days at Reading? Candidly then, nothing at all—and so we will drive into town.

By a singular peice of good fortune I happened to leave Pottsgrove, the sole possessor of one of Reeside's fine stages and four. The stage was large, and so remarkably well cushioned and easy, I had well nigh composed myself for a nap, when lo! my stars were again propitious. I was blest with the presence of a "farmer's daughter," who had engaged a seat for a few miles. She was young, handsome and agreeable. Think what a predicament for a "single gentleman" of forty! To be caged up alone with a bird of paradise! Wafted along at a rapid rate by four high spirited horses, which, perhaps, conscious of the precious charge they bore, threw up their flowing manes and sprang forward in very pride, seeming to spurn the earth on which they trod. The country around was redolent

with beauty, and the sky above as serene in its heavenly expression, and as clear in its ambient blue as the sweet eyes that were fixed upon mine. There was a moment for an old bachelor to lose himself in dreams of rapture, and almost to make him forswear celibacy. But at that moment, when flowers and poetry were the subjects of conversation, and love and felicity the soft and thrilling expression of the eyes—when quoting the richest specimens of love and song that live in memory, and not only thinking, but saying and feeling how divinely exquisite it must be to

Feel that you adore

To such refined excess,

That tho' the heart would break with more,
It could not live with less.

"At a moment of rapture like this," to be broken in upon by an old, gruff, overgrown, sour-krouit-fed mountain of flesh, was not polite, but nevertheless and notwithstanding, in tumbled Mr. Jacobus Hansondondonderslaushen, and rolling himself up in an opposite corner of our fairy palace, the whole scene underwent a change, and

"In darkness dissolved our sweet frost-work of bliss."

But we are a long time getting into Reading, so without more ado we will dash at once into the ancient capital of Berks. The town has a rusty appearance. The spirit of improvement has passed by without enriching it. The inhabitants say that canals have been the ruin of Reading. Two meet here, the Union Canal and the Schuylkill, and pass on with the rich produce of an extensive back country, one of the most fertile in the world; but they leave none of their treasures here; all passes by. And those who before the completion of the canals obtained their supplies of merchandize from the merchants of Reading, now find an easy access to the fountain head, and obtain their goods at once from Philadelphia.

Reading is pleasantly situated in a valley, through which the Schuylkill meanders, surrounded nearly by hills, some of which aspire to and may almost claim the appellation of mountains, being in fact a disjointed portion of the Blue Ridge. The place is healthy. It is not so much so, however, as it was formerly. The opening of the canals in its immediate vicinity having somewhat changed its character in this respect. The water is generally very good. Independent of the wells which exist within the town, there is an inexhaustible supply from a fine spring in the vicinity of Penn's Hill, which is brought to and distributed through the place in pipes.

Reading was settled in 1752. It now contains, according to the census just completed, between five and six thousand inhabitants, nearly all of whom are of German descent. The increase since 1820 has been about thirteen hundred. This is moderate enough, but we question very much whether the ensuing ten years exhibits so large an accession.—Things wear an unfavorable aspect, although the inhabitants have the means of prosperity within themselves. Few places are more abundantly supplied with excellent water privileges; and the hundreds of idle boys who infest the streets here, might be profitably employed in factories. There is at the present time a very extensive trade carried on in the article of wool hats, which may be esteemed a staple commodity. Philadelphia and the neighboring towns are supplied from hence,

and large shipments are annually made to the Southern, New Orleans and West India markets.

Perambulating the grass grown streets, my attention was attracted by the click of the billiard ball, and the rattling of the mace and cue, in the upper rooms of a neat little building, whose white front modestly retired from the street. In the yard fronting the building was a beautiful flock of snow-white, domesticated pigeons, and through the windows immediately under the billiard table I perceived a flock of flaxen-headed urchins under the schoolmaster's care. A school room and a billiard room! Some sign of civilization, as the fellow in a strange country said when he saw a gallows. In another street we witnessed an exhibition of the march of mind, unaccompanied with the singular association of ideas which we had just witnessed. It was an infant school. This institution, we were pleased to learn, is doing well. The young ladies to whose care the little prattlers are entrusted, fulfil with scrupulous anxiety their pleasing, though sometimes perplexing duties. We witnessed a number of schools in different quarters of this town, and were highly gratified to perceive so much attention paid to the all important subject of education.—The German language, which was some years since used in the schools, is now, we believe, entirely banished. It is however occasionally the medium of instruction in some of the neighboring counties. The language is disappearing gradually, and must in the course of time be entirely superseded, and one uniform tongue prevail through the powerful and happy country, whose inhabitants should admit of no distinctions, but be known only as one people. Yet we cannot—we should be the very last to blame that pertinacious fondness with which many of our ancient German friends cling to a language so closely associated with the unaltered and unalterable recollection of their dear "father land."

We noticed a somewhat of a curiosity, in one of the streets, a singular tree, of rather an unique and beautiful appearance, which our informant designated as a *tamarind*. It was planted by a lady twenty-eight years ago, and appears to have arrived at perfect maturity. The fruit however, like other exotics, is deficient both in quality and quantity. This tree is the only one of the kind we have seen in this part of the world.

We attended in the afternoon of Sunday the Baptist Meeting, and in the evening at the Presbyterian Church. The congregation of the former was addressed in a plain, sensible, but unpretending manner, by the Rev. Mr. Siegfried, a gentleman well known as having been formerly connected with the newspaper press, but who now, we believe, entirely devotes his time to the sacred ministry, dividing his labors between this and a neighboring place. Exemplary piety, charity, peace and good will, were the topics on which he expatiated in a strain of devotion calculated to raise the minds of his hearers from the grovelling things of a transitory life, placing it with a firm, faithful, but at the same time cheerful reliance on the benign and merciful sovereign of the universe.

But to return to our perambulations again. Reading, the reader is probably aware, is laid out on a plan corresponding in many particulars with that of Philadelphia. The two principal streets, Penn and Callowhill, (South and North) crossing each other at right angles,

resemble Broad and High Streets, the "centre" being occupied by a public building called the Court House, the whole however, being on rather a more diminutive scale than the original. It is nevertheless abundantly ample. The market houses, which extend east and west, from the "centre," have one extraordinary peculiarity, and which will distinguish it, we apprehend, from almost any other on the continent, or in existence. This peculiarity arises from the length of time occupied in its completion. The great city hall in New York was, we believe, something like three years, (we were going to write seven,) the United States Capitol at Washington, the most splendid monument of architectural skill and grandeur of which America can boast, occupied we know not how many more years in its erection, but these dwindle into utter insignificance when contrasted with the Reading market houses. They have been sixty years in the erection, and not completed yet! So much for the glorious spirit of improvement and public enterprise. With the exception of the churches, of which there are some half a dozen, Reading has no public buildings; not any at least to boast of. The Court House is conspicuously situated in the "midst of the people," and seems to command attention, though it deserves but little. It is constructed of unhewn stone, the outside daubed with red ochre, and the corners white washed, in imitation we presume, of marble, though it is rather a slack attempt. In size, architecture and general appearance, it is a copy, not of Solomon's temple, or any of the specimens of architectural magnificence and taste which Roman or Grecian skill have given to the world—but it furnishes a perfect counterpart in almost every particular to those spacious and beautiful Dutch barns which exist in our state, and are so justly and universally admired. Whatever its exterior, it is within abundantly furnished with all that is essential to the due administration of justice. Here is assembled the wisdom of Berks; its petty officers and its superior; its constables and judges, jurors and lawyers, are all as perfect in their several conditions, and have as much of Coke and Blackstone at their fingers' ends as any similar set of men in the world, quite sufficient beyond, all doubt, to answer the important purposes for which they were created.

A set of strolling players happening to be giving performances during our brief sojourn here, we stepped in for a few moments to witness their display. We had no very great expectation of seeing an exhibition of histrionic excellence worthy the better days of the drama, and in sober truth the lady Ophelia of the night did not out-rival the deep pathos of a Sloman, or the irresistible, soul-thrilling tenderness of a Duff. Neither did the lord Hamlet, with his "inky cloak" and "doublet unloosed," throw Kean or Booth in the shade, or eclipse our native Forrest. They strutted and bellowed their hour upon the stage, and in proportion as they raged, and raved, and wept, did their good humored audience indulge in bursts of merriment and laughter. It was indeed a most moving spectacle, a touching and affecting appeal to the risible faculties of the spectator. We were particularly struck with the exquisite reading of,

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew."

In a close room, well crowded with boys and "children of a larger growth," and a most dissolving temperature, not only poor Hamlet,

but his audience, seemed most mightily in the *melting* mood. Fortunately, however, the affair passed off without any such melancholy catastrophe; and on the whole it may be said the poor players did well.

Reading is famous for nothing so much as her *great* men. Great in the truest sense of the word. We never saw in any place of its size (and we have seen much of this world,) half so many who weigh so *heavy* in the balance. There it may be truly said they are not found wanting. We know not how many might be picked out of the borough who could shake their fat sides in defiance at three hundred, honest, averduois weight, and for a wager, we would venture any day to put a score of our worthy borough-masters against any equal number of the best city turtle-soup fed Aldermen that ever waddled. And they are fine hale and hearty personages too. Could a collection be made of all who claim this *heavy* distinction, what a display were there! How well worthy a journey to Reading to witness. If eulogised in song, what a weight of immortality would rest upon the poet's brow!

Reading is not eminently distinguished for the literary taste of its inhabitants, though equally so perhaps with most villages through the interior of our state. The newspapers printed in German, of which there are several, are indifferently printed and almost invariably published at half price; an evidence that that species of literature, at least, is not highly appreciated. In fact, as far as our means of observation extended, they are not a *reading* people in one sense of the term, though decidedly so in another. A library was commenced here by several influential characters as far back as 1808. It was incorporated in 1819. After a lapse of upwards of twenty years, the collection now amounts to less than one thousand volumes; and this, with the exception of one or two small private libraries, is the only institution of a literary or scientific nature among a population of considerably more than five thousand souls. A spirit of literary pride and emulation ought to be excited and cherished more generally: especially among the younger portion of the inhabitants, who are not deficient in that kind of intellectual capacity which culture and attention would speedily bring to maturity. In all the requisites that belong to industrious, moral and thrifty citizens, as well as the affable and generous properties of gentleman—in the best sense of that term—they yield the palm of superiority to no class of individuals in the state. But we earnestly hope to see among them, more attention bestowed on the subject of general literature and science—and the institution, more immediately among themselves, of forensic and reading societies for the accumulation of knowledge, and the purposes of general improvement. They will find their advantage in it.

The bar room of a public inn is not the place where one would be likely to go in search of moral discourse, or with any expectation of listening to lectures on temperance. Yet I must confess myself somewhat disappointed in this respect, and, what is more important, not a little edified, and I hope improved. I am scratching these hasty memorandums of a "three days sojourn in Reading," in the bar room of the inn where I reside. My attention is agreeably diverted by a conversation between several intelligent gentlemen—apparently farmers. They are discussing the decided and important advantages of temperance—of entire abstinence; and to my surprise, and I must add, delight, there is not a dissenting voice. One in illustration of his argument, adduces the instance of Mr. — a few miles distant, who employs about thirty hands. They are engaged in hard work, yet sustain their laborious toils through the heat of the day without one solitary drop of liquor. The experiment is a most novel and important one in these parts; we are happy to add, it is a successful one. The result is, says my informant, that the men go through their la-

bor with greater ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their employer, enjoy excellent health, are contented and cheerful, and what is of infinite importance, instead of the frequent disagreements, quarrelling and fighting which formerly existed among them, all is peace, good order and harmony. Everything now goes on like clock work.

This subject, so full of deep interest to every man who has a sense of humanity, has received here a powerful impulse in the recent death of a young man; a member of a worthy and highly respectable family. His history, though enough to put to shame the worse than shameless sneerers at the advocates of temperance, is the history of thousands. The education, talents, and accomplishments of a gentleman; friends numerous and devoted; prospects most solid and brilliant, every thing that a young man entering upon life, or that the utmost partiality of dotting parents and friends could desire, all cut down, blasted and destroyed, by that hydra-headed monster, which men who profess morality, feeling and humanity, say ought to be "let alone."

Our "three days" have extended to a most unreasonable length, and we fear will exhaust your patience. We had we must confess, little anticipation of their running out to such an extent, and we break off, leaving a multitude of items untouched, and our hasty sketch unfinished. Should you feel disposed to dress up any of the facts with which we herewith furnish you, do so, and welcome. But don't, we beg of you, expose us in your paper. You well know if there is any thing for which we entertain a most inveterate and unconquerable aversion, it is the idea, so shocking to our delicate nerves, of appearing in print. Speaking of printing reminds us of your paper. We very sincerely congratulate you on its success. There is scarcely a house we have visited in which we have not either seen or heard of the "Saturday Bulletin" and it is invariably spoken of in terms of commendation. There is one thing however, in which some say they think it may still be improved, and that is by the introduction of a column or two more of foreign matter. Of this however, you are of course the best judge. We simply take the liberty of whispering the suggestion in your private ear.

Before quitting the subject, we must modify some of the impressions manifested in the early part of these notes. Reading has the singular advantage of improving upon acquaintance. The town is not so "rusty" as we were inclined to believe: and though there is not so much activity and bustle as a business man could wish, it is most delightfully situated; and we know not the time when we have passed three days in a country town so much to our satisfaction, deducting always from the sum total of our happiness the red barn and shambles, which stand forth, the focus and centre of attraction. Yours, &c.

SELECT TALES.

ALBINA McLUSH.

I have a passion for fat women. If there is any thing I hate in life, it is what dainty people call a *spirituelle*. Motion—rapid motion—a smart, quick, squirrel-like step, a pert, voluble tone—in short a lively girl—is my exquisite horror. I would as lief have *diable petit* dancing his infernal hornpipe on my cerebellum as to be in the room with one. I have followed them with my eyes, and attended to their rattle till I was as crazy as a fly in a drum. I have danced with them in the country, and peril'd the salvation of my "white tights" by sitting near them at supper. I swear off from this moment. I do. I won't—no—hang me if ever I shew another small, lively, *spry* woman a civility.

Albina McLush is divine. She is like the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz:—"Her heart is full of passion, and her eyes are full of sleep." She is the sister of Lurly McLush, my old college chum, who, at his Sophomore year, was chosen President of

the Dolcefarniente Society—no member of which was ever known to be surprised at any thing—(the college law for rising before breakfast alone excepted.) Lurly introduced me to his sister one day, as he was lying on a heap of turnips, leaning on his elbow with his head in his hand, in a green lane in the suburbs. He had driven over a stump, and been tossed out of his gig, and I came up just as he was wondering how in the d—l he got there! Albina sat quietly in the gig, and when I was presented, requested me with a delicious drawl, to say nothing of the adventure—"it would be so troublesome to relate it to every body!" I loved her from that moment.

Miss McLush was tall, and her shape of its kind was perfect. It was not a *fleshy* one, exactly, but she was large and full, and without the rosiness which would have made it vulgar, healthy. Her skin was clear, fine-grained, and transparent; her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a bursted apricot.—And then her eyes—large, liquid, and sleepy—they languished beneath their long black fringes as if they had no business with daylight—like two magnificent dreams, surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh! it was lovely to look into them!

She sat usually upon a *fauteuil*, with her large full arm imbedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift masses of dark hair from her shoulders, when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a Goddess of sleep, as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her, and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud, when she had murmured out her syllable of assent.—Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fells low's bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity.—Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her white fingers from her handkerchief, before he sat it down in her lap. As it began to slide slowly towards the floor, her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eye upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, drooping her lids gradually, till, as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely, and a liquid jet line was alone visible through the heavy lashes. There was an imperial indifference in it, worthy of Juno.

Miss McLush rarely walks. When she does, it is with the deliberate majesty of a Dido. Her small plump feet melt to the ground like snow flakes, and her figure sways to the indolent motion of her limbs with a glorious grace and yieldingness quite indescribable. She was idling slowly up the Mall one evening just at twilight, with a servant at a short distance behind her, who, to while away the time between his steps, was employing himself in throwing stones at the cows feeding on the common. A gentleman with a natural admiration for her splendid person, addressed her—he might have done a more eccentric thing. Without troubling herself to look at him, she turned to her servant and requested him with a yawn of desperate ennui, to knock that fellow down!—John obeyed her orders, and as his mistress resumed her lounge, picked up a few handful of pebbles, and tossing one at the nearest cow, loitered lazily after. Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in,—I—who never before could summon energy to sigh—I—to whom a declaration was but a synonym for perspiration—I—who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint, and of woman but to pray for a good deliverance—I—yes—I—knocked under. Albina McLush! thou wert too exquisitely lazy. Human sensibilities cannot hold out forever!

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft dewy transparency like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea.—It was the only hour, Lurly had told me, when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face and nodded like a water-lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain.

"Lady Albina," said I, in my softest tone, "how are you?"

"Bettina," said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and rich as a south wind on an Æolian, "how am I to-day!"

The conversation fell in short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her Mistress with cologne, I kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms are soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin *foulard*. I took it up and pressed the cool soft fingers to my lips—unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature!—she was asleep!

I never have had courage to renew the subject. Miss McLush seems to have forgotten it altogether. Upon reflection, too, I'm convinced she would not survive the excitement of the ceremony—unless, indeed, she could sleep between the responses and the prayer. I am still devoted, however, and if there should come a war or an earthquake, or if the Millennium should commence, as is expected in 1833, or if any thing happens that can keep her waking so long, I shall deliver a declaration abbreviated for me by a scholar-friend of mine, which he warrants, may be articulated in fifteen minutes—without fatigue.

THE FIRST AND LAST VOW.

In the city of Montreal resides a Mr. Cameron. He was a native of Scotland, and held an office under government. He had selected Montreal as a residence, in order to afford the advantages of a nunnery to his child, a lovely daughter.—Isabella was every thing that was amiable in mind and manner, which, combined with personal attraction, rendered her the polar star of many a devoted heart. But Isabella had almost from childhood been betrothed to her cousin, William Dudley, who loved her with increasing ardor as each year brought forth some hitherto concealed beauty of mind or person. Our story commences the week previous to their marriage. Isabella sat alone in the drawing-room at her father's when Dudley entered.

"Augusta will be here to-morrow, Dudley," said the lovely girl, with her dark eyes filled with tears of joy, at the thought of meeting her beloved friend, who was a boarder in the nunnery at the same time with herself, and who had twined herself round her heart, by her gentle and winning manner. Their souls seemed to assimilate and commingle, and since they had left school, they had kept up a regular correspondence.

"She has consented to be bride-maid," said the lively Dudley, "and does she congratulate you on your approaching nuptials?"

"She does," replied the blushing girl. "I have purposely withheld your name, Dudley, to give her an agreeable surprise, as you admired her so much last winter at York. I am half inclined to think you in love with her, but I will try you both, for she is not aware that in the betrothed husband of her friend she is to meet an old beau; 'tis all in the dark yet to her."

Dudley had spent the winter previous in York, where Augusta was a reigning belle. He had, it is true, hung over her while seated at the piano, in rapture, and he had exclaimed in rapturous excitement in praise of the performance, but he did not observe the transitory lighting up of that usually calm and mild blue

eye. 'Tis true that Augusta was never happy, or not so happy as when he was near her.—Imperceptibly he had stolen her young affections. She knew not of his engagement to another—she knew not that his heart was all Isabella's, her early companion and best beloved friend. Augusta had hoped that she was not looked upon by Dudley with indifference, but she could not read his soul. He did admire her most for her extreme gentleness, and she was beautiful as the snow-drop, and shrunk like it from observation; and when he left her for Montreal, she hardly dared to own herself that there was a kindlier feeling for him in her gentle heart than friendship; but she almost reproached herself when she found with what heart-felt pleasure she had accepted the invitation of her friend to visit Montreal, and be her bride-maid at the approaching nuptials.—Isabella had observed that Augusta, in all her letters, had spoken in high terms of William Dudley, to whom she wished to be remembered by her friend. She had purposely evaded all Augusta's enquiries as to the name of the gentleman whom she was going to wed, to give her an agreeable surprise. Isabella had watched all day for the carriage. At length it came in sight, and in a few moments the friends were in each other's arms.

"The lover, the lover," exclaimed Augusta, who was unusually lively.

"You shall see him in just two minutes," said Isabella, "when we go down to tea—and there is the bell, as I am alive."

They descended the stairs; they entered the dining room, and there, standing at the harp, was William Dudley. Augusta cast her eyes fearfully round the room; there was no other gentleman there, and the truth now flashed upon her mind. I have seen a frail and beautiful flower crushed and withered by the chill of winter winds; I have seen the mildew's fearful blight upon the fairest of earth, but never was there such overwhelming desolation as now clung around the heart of the hapless Augusta. Yet she assumed a look of composure, and never was there a sweeter bride, or a fairer bride-maid. Augusta stood calm and motionless, and saw all she loved, wedded to her friend. She kissed the beautiful bride, and put up a silent prayer for her happiness; and then she returned home, disconsolate and drooping.

It was on a beautiful afternoon, about one year after this event, I was sauntering near the nunnery at Montreal, when I was joined by William Dudley. "Come," said he, "I have obtained leave to go and witness the ceremony of taking the veil—and I insist on your accompanying me." He then informed me that Augusta was the devoted victim we were this day to witness buried, as it were, alive. She had always, from the time of her return from Montreal, after Isabella's marriage, been anxious to take the veil; and at last her friends were overpowered by her earnest and tearful entreaties, and consented. At about three o'clock we entered the chapel. Every thing looked like death; all was still, save the deep-toned organ, which sent up its solemn notes to heaven, so like the requiem of a departed spirit, that we looked around, almost expecting to see a funeral procession. When they appeared, there was no appearance of death; all was life. The beautiful girl appeared, supported by the Lady Abbess, clothed in pure and spotless robes, the emblems of her innocence; she advanced to the altar, and then she took her first vow. She renounced the world with all its bitterness. I saw her deep blue eye rest, for one moment, upon my elegant friend, and then there seemed a deep, deep, struggle in her bosom. Then all was calm, and she pronounced in a rich, mellow voice, her utter renunciation of this bright world; and then they severed the sunny locks from that devoted head, and she lay down, in all her deep forsakenness, beneath the sable pall: an emblem that she was dead to the world, and wedded to her God. The organ again sent up its plaintive notes to heaven. They lifted that pall of death, and Augusta was as calm and

cold as the pure marble on which she rested. She had taken her *first and last vow*!—and her spirit had gone, with those sweet thrilling notes, to heaven.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

The following epitome of the story upon which that most tragical tragedy, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, was founded, will be read with great interest: it would seem that in it Sir Walter has departed less widely from the actual facts of the case, at least the facts represented, than in any of the others.

Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair, and Dame Margaret Ross, had engaged herself without the knowledge of her parents to the Lord Rutherford, who was not acceptable to them either on account of his want of fortune. The young couple broke a piece of gold together, and pledged their troth in the most solemn manner; and it is said the young lady imprecated dreadful evils on herself should she break her plighted faith. Shortly after a suitor who was favored by Lord Stair, and still more so by his lady, paid his addresses to Miss Dalrymple. The young lady refused the proposal, and being pressed on the subject, confessed her secret engagement. Lady Stair, a woman accustomed to universal submission, (for even her husband did not dare to contradict her,) treated this objection as a trifle, and insisted upon her daughter yielding her consent to marry the new suitor, David Dunbar, son and heir to David Dunbar, of Baldoon, in Wigtonshire. The first lover, a man of very high spirit, then interfered by letter, and insisted on the right he had acquired by his troth plighted with the young lady. Lady Stair sent him for answer, that her daughter, sensible of her undutiful behavior in entering into a contract unsanctioned by her parents, had retracted her unlawful vow, and now refused to fulfil her engagement with him.

The lover, in return, declined positively to receive such an answer from any one but his mistress in person; and as she had to deal with a man who was both of a most determined character, and of too high condition to be trifled with, Lady Stair was obliged to consent to an interview between Lord Rutherford and her daughter. But she took care to be present in person, and argued the point with the disappointed and incensed lover with pertinacity equal to his own. She particularly insisted on the Levitical law, which declares that a woman shall be free of a vow which her parents dissent from. This is the passage she founded on:—

"If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond; he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.

If a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth;

And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her: then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul unto the Lord shall stand.

But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth: not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand: and the Lord shall forgive her because her father disallowed her."—Numbers xxx. 2, 3, 4, 5.

While the mother insisted on these topics, the lover in vain conjured the daughter to declare her own opinion and feelings. She remained totally overwhelmed, as it seemed, mute, pale, and motionless as a statue. Only at her mother's command, sternly uttered, she summoned strength enough to restore to her plighted suitor the piece of broken gold, which was the emblem of her troth. On this he burst forth into a tremendous passion, took leave of the mother with maledictions, and as he left the apartment, turned back to say to his weak if not fickle mistress, "For you, madam,

you will be a world's wonder;" a phrase by which some remarkable degree of calamity is usually implied. He went abroad, and returned not again. If the last Lord Rutherford was the unfortunate party, he must have been the third who bore that title, and who died in 1685.

The marriage betwixt Janet Dalrymple and David Dunbar of Baldoon now went forward, the bride showing no repugnance, but being absolutely passive in every thing her mother commanded or advised. On the day of the marriage, which, as was then usual, was celebrated by a great assemblage of friends and relations, she was the same—sad, silent, and resigned, as it seemed to her destiny. A lady, very nearly connected with the family, told the author that she had conversed on the subject with one of the brothers of the bride, who had ridden before his sister to church. He said her hand, which lay on his, was as cold and damp as marble. But full of his new dress, the circumstance, which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression on him at the time.

The bridal feast was followed by dancing; the bride and bridegroom retired as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber.—It was then the custom to prevent any coarse pleasantry which old times perhaps admitted, that the key of the nuptial chamber should be intrusted to the bridegroom. He was called upon, but refused at first to give it up, till the shrieks became so hideous that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause. On opening the door, they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded, and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for: she was found in the corner of the large chimney, having no covering save her shift and that dabbled in gore. There she sat grinning at them, mopping and mowing; in a word, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were, "Tak up yer bonny bridegroom." She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th of August, and dying on the 12th of September 1669.

The unfortunate Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but always prohibited all enquiries respecting the manner in which he received them. If a lady, he said, asked him any question concerning the subject, he would neither answer her, nor speak to her again while he lived; if a gentleman, he would consider it as a mortal offence and demand satisfaction as having received such. He did not long survive this dreadful catastrophe, having met with a fatal injury by a fall from his horse of which he died the next day.

THE REVOLUTION OF TIME.

An Arabian Fable—the narrator supposed to have lived three thousand years.

"I was passing," said Khidr, "a populous city, and I asked one of the inhabitants how long has this city been built?" But he said, "This is an ancient city, we know not at what time it was built, neither we nor our fathers." "Then I passed by, after five hundred years, and not a trace of the city was to be seen; but I found a man gathering herbs, and I asked, 'How long has this city been destroyed?'—But he said 'The country has always been thus.' And I said, 'But there was a city here.' Then he said, 'We have seen no city here, nor have we heard of such from our fathers.' After five hundred years I again passed that way, and found a lake, and met there a company of fishermen, and asked, 'When did this land become a lake?' and they said, 'How can a man like you ask such a question?'—'The place was never other than it is.' 'But heretofore,' said I, 'it was dry land,' and they said, 'We never saw it so, nor heard of it from our fathers.' Then again after five hundred years, I returned, and behold! the lake was dried up; and I met a solitary man, and said to him, 'When did this spot become dry land?' and he said, 'It was always thus.' 'But formerly,' I said, 'it was a lake;' and he said, 'We never saw it, nor heard of it, before.'—And five hundred years afterwards I again passed by, and found a populous and beautiful city, and finer than I had at first seen it; and I asked of one of the inhabitants, 'When was this city built?' and he said 'Truly, it is an ancient place, we know not the date of its buildings, neither we nor our fathers.'

and he said, 'It was always thus.' 'But formerly,' I said, 'it was a lake;' and he said, 'We never saw it, nor heard of it, before.'—And five hundred years afterwards I again passed by, and found a populous and beautiful city, and finer than I had at first seen it; and I asked of one of the inhabitants, 'When was this city built?' and he said 'Truly, it is an ancient place, we know not the date of its buildings, neither we nor our fathers.'

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scatter'd bones away.
Pay the deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death,
Nor trifle even with the mould
Once quickened by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath hallowed every part:—
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
That strong arm—ah! 'tis strengthless now.
Spare then, each mouldering fragment spare,
Of God's own image—let them rest,
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was impressed.

For he was fresher than the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood of madness tost,
In many a storm has been his path,
He hid him not from heat or frost,
But met them and defied their wrath.

Then were they kind—the forest here,
Rivers and stiller waters, paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded mould below;
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race! but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generation sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their hills our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon,
Ah! let us spare at least their graves!

THOU HAST BEEN TO THE LAND.

Thou hast been to the land where the lemon
trees bloom,
And the nightingale sings to the god of perfume;
Where clouds bath'd in sunlight together are
roll'd
Like visions of genii in purple and gold;
Where each leaf in the breath from a rose gar-
den quivers,
And the moonbeams lie sleeping on emerald
rivers.

Hast thou brought from that land any token of
love,
A ring, or a bracelet, a jewel, or glove?
Did young eyes that glow'd with the color of
night,
Illumine thy path as twin meteors of light?
Were love's words to thine ear in sweet confi-
dence given,
Making Eden of earth, like a foretaste of heaven?

Hast thou wander'd along by the ruins of Time,
In grandeur still cloth'd amid slavery and crime?
Or breath'd rich perfumes where the wild flow-
ers wave,

That are nourish'd by blood upon liberty's grave.

Thou hast come, and once more will I jewel
my hair,
And the lute and the seat in the arbor prepare.
I'll pluck thee my greenest geranium leaf,
And recount since thine absence each pleasure
and grief;
And my lute, that has had such a long, long
reprieve,
Shall echo the song which I sung you—that
eve!

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.

No. 4.

What many of the wasp insects perform in the way of excavation, in proportion to their size, is really astonishing. A wild bee or sand wasp, for instance, will dig a hole in a hard bank of earth some inches deep, and five or six times its own size; and labor unremittingly at this arduous undertaking for several days, scarcely allowing itself a moment for eating or repose. It will then occupy as much time in searching for a store of food, and no sooner is this task finished, than it will set about repeating the process; and before it dies, will have completed five or six similar cells, or even more. If you would estimate this industry at its proper value, you should reflect what kind of exertion it would require in a man, to dig in a few days, out of hard clay or sand, and with no other tools than his nails or teeth, five or six caverns, twenty feet deep, and four or five wide, for such an undertaking would not be comparatively greater than that of the insects in question.

The genus *Sphex Sabulosa*, or as its predatory habits have occasioned it to be termed "the Savage," comprises upwards of one hundred and twenty species, some of which are perhaps the most fierce and rapacious of this class of beings. The Savage does not feed upon honey, or accommodate its young with any kind of provision. It attacks insects much beyond its own size, and that whether they are armed or defenceless, for it is provided with strong jaws, and a sting, poisoned with a liquor fatal to every animal it engages. The Savage seizes boldly on the insect he attacks, and gives it a stroke of amazing force; after this first encounter he falls down, as if he had himself received the mortal blow; but it is only to rest from his fatigue, and to observe the effect of his prowess. By and bye, the wounded animal dies; but while yet palpitating with life, the Savage devours those parts which he finds most palatable, leaving the greater part of it entire. It is thus that the *Sphex* riots in the blood of hundreds of insects, and its family is no sooner increased, than the carnage becomes proportioned to the number of young it has to support. After the female has deposited her eggs in the bottom of a cell dug in the earth, or in the mud wall of a cottage, the whole apartment is crammed with multitudes of dead and living insects, destined to be the food of the future progeny. Thus their houses, like the renowned caves of the giants of old, are strewn with dead. The operation of filling the cell is no sooner over, than the parent insects stop up the hole at the entrance, to prevent the escape of such of the wretched captives as may yet be alive. The young, when they leave their eggs, find themselves amply supplied with provision. They devour, one after another, all the carcasses with which they are provided, and when the last prisoner is eaten, they have no longer occasion for food, but are changed into chrysalids, which afterwards become Savages of one description or another, according to that of the parent pair.

I now beg leave to call the attention of my readers to the very singular habits of some species of beetles belonging to the genus *Silpha*, in providing food for their offspring. These are called burying beetles, but I think the most proper term to apply to them would be "nature's scavengers," for their larva assist in a wonderful degree in devouring all animal substances they meet with. The perfect insects are amazingly dexterous in burying dead moles, toads, birds, &c. &c. for the purpose of depositing eggs within their carcasses. The grubs when exuded

from the eggs, feed voraciously on the dead animals, and after undergoing the usual changes of the insect tribe, become beetles. Mr. Gleditch informs us that dead moles, when laid upon the ground, especially if upon loose earth, were almost sure to disappear in the course of two or three days, often in twelve hours. To ascertain the cause, he placed a mole upon one of the beds in his garden. It had vanished by the third morning; and on digging where it had been laid, he found it buried to the depth of three inches, and under it four beetles, which seemed to have been the agents in this singular species of sepulture. Not perceiving anything particular in the mode, he buried it again; and on examining it at the end of six days, he found it swarming with worms, apparently the issue of the beetles, and which Mr. G. now naturally concluded had buried the carcass for the food of their future young. To determine these points more clearly, he put four of these insects into a glass vessel half filled with earth, and properly secured; upon the surface of the earth he placed two dead frogs. In less than twelve hours one of the frogs was interred by two of the beetles; the other two ran about a whole day, as if busied in measuring the dimensions of the remaining corpse, which on the third day was also found buried. He then introduced a dead linnet. A pair of the beetles were soon engaged upon the bird. They began their operations by pushing out the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception; and it was curious to see the efforts which the beetles made, by dragging at the feathers of the bird from below, to pull it into its grave. The male having driven the female away, continued at the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird by placing his back under it, changed its place, turned it, and arranged it in the grave, from time to time coming out of the hole, and mounting upon it, trod it under foot, and then retired below and pulled it down. At length, apparently wearied with this uninterrupted labor, it came forth and leaned its head upon the earth, beside the bird, without the smallest motion, as if to rest itself, for a full hour, when it again crept under the earth. The next morning, the bird was an inch and a half under ground, and in the evening had sunk half an inch lower, and the trench was covered. Mr. Gleditch continued to add other small dead animals, which were all sooner or later buried, and the result of his experiment was, that in fifty days four beetles had interred in the very small space of earth allotted to them, twelve carcasses, viz: four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. While engaged in these experiments, a friend who wished to dry a toad in the shade, fixed it to the top of a stick which he had stuck into the ground. When it began to putrefy, the beetles allured by the smell, having loosened the end of the stick that was fastened in the earth, brought it to the ground, and they then buried both the stick and toad together. The interment of these animals, which takes place from April to October, has been sufficiently proved to be not merely for food, but as a suitable place for the deposit of eggs and the growth of their young. If food were the only object, they would devour them above ground—below, they are safe from birds and carnivorous animals, who would swallow the whole of the larva, and thus destroy the species, if they were not secured by a covering of earth. I have repeatedly observed the same operations in the country, which have been described so well by Mr. G.—but as I have never made so full an experiment as he has detailed, have given you the results as I found them in the Acts of the Berlin Society of Natural History.

KIRBY.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE RAMBLER—NO. 2.

INDIAN RIGHTS.—The right of the Indians to the American soil is generally admitted without examination. Though upon the first view the right of priority may seem just, yet it has been contested by men who understood their subject perfectly. Judge Brackenridge, under the head of the "Indian Right of Soil," thus discourages:—"On what is it founded? Having had a foot first on the continent? Then one Indian might claim the whole. That would be unreasonable. Would two Indians have this right? There must be more than that. Two tribes? It would be too much to take up a continent with two tribes. How many must there be to give the right? Just as many as there are. If there was one less would they have the right? Yes. Two less? Yes. How many might there be less, and the right exist? I cannot tell, nor any one else. There must be some fixed principles on which all right depends."

PUFFING.—The remarks in the Bulletin of the 14th August, on the puffing of books, have induced me to make some notes on the almost indiscriminate praise bestowed by scribblers upon those theatrical votaries who chance to please their unripe taste. It is a subject of astonishment that most of the daily papers publish theatrical puffs (for puffs these crude criticisms universally are,) without hesitation. A well conducted censorship of the drama, would undoubtedly improve and refine theatrical taste; but when a continued string of inflated puffs, such as we read every day, are thrown upon the public, they are at length passed over with as much indifference as you would skip a lottery advertisement or the recommendations of a quack medicine.

LOTTERIES.—But very few persons are proof against the allurements of this lawful game. High indeed has been the tribute of many a greedy wight; that his nature, "Studious of change and fond of" money, may be indulged I once knew an elderly gentleman who pasted all the blank lottery tickets which he had bought for a dozen years before, upon a pasteboard above his mantle-piece, and the inscription, "A Beacon to the Unwary," written in large characters beneath it.

Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated

WAYNESBOROUGH, Franklin Co. Pa.

"Population continues to pour into this country, and a large number of foreign emigrants have settled in our vicinity this spring and summer, which will greatly increase the sum of our census. In the town itself, many new houses are going up, and twenty others have already been built here this summer. Although we can boast of no canal or rail-road, yet our village wears the aspect of a flourishing inland town. Our citizens are temperate, industrious, and economical. Our indefatigable citizen and machinist, Mr. Evans, who previously was engaged in constructing a wagon to run without the aid of steam or horse power, failed in his first attempt, but is now engaged in a second trial to perfect his machine. He intends gratifying the public with a view of it as soon as it is in a condition to exhibit. Another of our citizens, Mr. James Reilly, has constructed a propelling canal boat, which is to ply in canals without injuring the banks. A model has been made, and its capabilities tried in presence of a large concourse of spectators. The invention is supposed by judges to be competent for its intended object."

What is the best receipt for dyeing black? "Hanging," said a wag who overheard the question.

EVERYTHING.

The St. Louis Beacon announces the return of Gen. Clark, and Messrs. Doughty and Hughes, Indian Agents, with many Indian warriors, in the steamboat Chieftain from Praire du Chien. The object of the expedition was accomplished. About ten tribes, to wit, Sacs, Foxes, Sioux, Ioways, Winnebagoes, Menomies, Chippewas, Pattawattamies, &c. met at Praire du Chien, and under the peaceful mediation of Gen. Clark and Col. Morgan, adjusted their differences, terminated their wars, and removed the causes of future dissensions.

Saratoga Springs.—The belles and beauties which have, during the summer, shed the rays of happiness across this sandy desert, have been of the first order and quality. During the space of fourteen days and as many nights, have the hotels of Saratoga been crowded beyond comfort, law, convenience, or conscience. Colonies have been made in distant regions across the streets, and among unknown people—the inhabitants of Saratoga. How dignified the hotels become when they are full!

Flies.—Elderly people recollect when Boston used to be so infested with flies that sugar bowls were covered, and the milk pitchers nearly filled with them. Now, there are few flies in the city. To what cause is this to be attributed? Most probably the Yankee girls have driven them off!

Newspaper Thief.—Nhemian Clapp was sent to the Boston House of Correction for stealing a newspaper from a door in State street. Perhaps the worthless rum sellers, who encourage newspaper thieves, are not aware that they are liable to the same punishment—but should any of them be discovered, they will receive this information at the Police Court.

Singular Circumstance.—In blasting a rock in a well in New London, Conn. a stone, weighing three hundred pounds, was thrown over a two story house and across the street, falling upon the roof of a building occupied as a school house. It passed through the roof, broke a rafter, and was stopped by a large beam in the second floor. Had the stone gone 10 feet further it would have fallen into the school room, which was crowded with children.

The Pittsburg Statesman mentions a singular case of fatality which occurred in a family at Butler, Pa. The family consisted of seven persons, and they all died in succession, in the course of a very short time. It was supposed they were cut off by a fever; yet the neighbors and surrounding family escaped, and continue in health.

This is an age of economy truly; the *Moniteur* says very good flour, and of course very good bread can be made from straw; we shall soon make puddings from chips, and cakes from stones. In addition to the aforesaid bread, we are told that this straw flour makes a fine wash for pigs, and drink for horses!! Any thing more?

The Virginian states that a young man recently descended, with the aid of a rope, from the summit of the Natural Bridge to its base—distance 220 feet. The adventure cost him a week's confinement to his room.

At a celebration of the Nation's birth in the interior of Georgia, the ladies sent the following toast, which was received with 24 cheers:—"To all Old Bachelors, who make no efforts to get them a wife—may they go blind in the right eye, and never have a chance of seeing a pretty girl with the left."

A Southern Editor says—"We have been charged with advocating disunion. The compact entered into by each of these Sovereign States was a voluntary alliance. This alliance may be dissolved whenever the contracting parties shall see fit to do so—which Heaven avert! If this be Disunion—make the most of it."—Quite pert!

An article in the Groton Herald, on Pulpit Oratory, recommends that clergymen exchange sermons, and deliver the writings of their brethren, as well as exchange pulpits.

Love among the Roses.—In a neighboring county, a man by the name of Simons, stands indicted for the abduction of two Miss Roses, daughters of Samuel Rose.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 18.

A New York correspondent of the *Palladium*, states that the robbers in that city are the most ingenious, daring, and systematic in the country. On one occasion, a broker sent a package of \$13,000 on board a steamboat for Albany. Two gentlemen overheard the delivery of it, and soon after one delivered a similar package to the captain, and just before the boat was to start, deranged the machinery, and in the confusion declared with many others that he must go in another boat, demanded his package and led the captain to deliver the broker's package, with which he made off.

Magnificent Premium.—The *Star*, a Liliputian paper published at Harrisburg, Pa. the dimensions of whose pages are four inches by six, each, incited by the practice of the day, offers for the best Original Tale, a copy of itself for the term of six months; for the best Select Tale, ditto; for the best piece of Poetry, the same, for three months; for the best Enigma, the same, for one month; for a good Essay, the same, for three months. These offers are certainly very liberal, and if they do not produce some first rate pieces, the *Old Harry* is in it.

A letter from the town of Strand, England, to one of the London Editors, states that Mr. Cobbett had come to that town to lecture at a shilling a head, and the moment he appeared in the street, a crowd of men appeared carrying horses' heads and gridirons on poles, accompanied by a drum beating the rogue's march. Cobbett attempted to lecture notwithstanding, but could not proceed, and retreated.

The returns of population, under the new census, come in slowly. The returns from thirteen of the towns, in the State of New York, present an increase of above 100 per cent. The census of thirty places in Pennsylvania, shows an increase since 1820, of 40 per cent. From several of the towns of Virginia, the returns show an increase of 43 per cent. It is supposed that the population of the State of New York will be found to exceed two millions, which, taking the ratio of representation at 50,000, will entitle the state to forty representatives in Congress. The aggregate population of the United States, will probably exceed thirteen millions.

Imposition.—The Oswego Free Press says cast iron hammers have been manufactured in that village, ground off and blacked very handsomely, in imitation of the wrought iron. They are destined for the Canada market, and like Pindar's razors made to sell. "Men are engaged in this business who should, from their stations in society, blush at such meanness."

Last week, says the New London Gazette, two boys, brothers, were playing on a wharf at East Haddam, when the eldest, who is 10 years old, from a trifling altercation pushed the youngest into the river, and he was drowned. The boy confessed the fact of guilt, and said his brother sunk and rose, and held up his little hands for help two or three times. While this tragic scene was transacting, some men were at work within a few rods of the place ignorant of what was passing.

On the 6th ult. in Wilcox County, Alabama, three children of Mr. Danham took shelter in the hollow trunk of large tree which stood in his back yard, during a very heavy storm. The tree was blown down, and two of the children were killed, and the other very seriously injured.

Anne Royall is said to have written to Dr. Cooper, claiming the merit of originating the doctrine of Nullification; but that the Doctor refuses her the credit thereof.

It is said that there are fifty regular thieves who attend the sales at the Coffee House, N. Y. whose depredations are supposed to amount to \$100,000 annually.

The packet ship *Dover*, Capt. Mackay, which sailed on Monday for Liverpool, carried out 22 steerage passengers. They are mostly returning emigrants, some of which have resided here for several years.

A canal boat from Albany has lately been towed up Lake Ontario to Sackett's Harbor. It contains a travelling bookstore and extensive museum.

Character.—Nothing is more important to success in life than *character*. Without it, men, and women too, are always looked upon with suspicion; and yet, with a knowledge of this fact, how many persons carelessly sacrifice it for a whim, or foolishly squander what is so difficult to regain, and what money will not buy.

JACK CARELESS was well brought up by careful parents. He entered life with more advantages than usually fall to the lot of man. At family meetings, little parties of ladies, pleasure excursions, or a ball, Jack was first rate. He could hand a cup of tea or an ice cream with a grace peculiar to the gentleman. He was admired, caressed, and flattered. Jack went into business at twenty, but neglected it for the study of music. He advertised like other merchants, but he had no credit at Bank. His little capital was spent upon violins, flutes, and theatre tickets. While he was "at the springs," with a party of ladies, his note was dishonored, and on his return he found his *character* gone. His creditors called for an inventory of his effects—he mustered a flute, a breast pin, a splendid poney, and a gold watch. Jack is now a man, as the phrase is, "to be avoided."

BETTY CARELESS, his sister, during the excursion to "the springs," encouraged the attentions of a New York Broker—a great dash—accepted his vows and was soon to be married, but all of a sudden she concluded she did not love him. He had bought and furnished a house; Betty had "made her arrangements," but a sudden whim came across her, and she "withdrew her prospects." Betty's *character* is gone, and she is called "a coquette."

Thus character is flitted away almost before the owner suspects it is in danger. Thousands who set out at twenty, full of hope and confident of happiness, find themselves, at twenty five, shipwrecked on a small rock which had escaped their attention, and are compelled to paddle all the rest of their lives in shoals and muddy waters, and are very often cast ashore before thirty, by the breakers. Let the young remember then and take warning; CHARACTER IS ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS IN LIFE.

The good folks of Boston, when engaged in a good cause, like other very good people, carry things to an excess which is sometimes ridiculous, and always injurious. The Genius of Temperance has made its way to the very heart of the enemy's camp, tearing down with an unsparing hand the very bar rooms of the theatres, and converting them into splendid and spacious saloons for the levees of her followers. This is going thorough in the business of reform, and assailing the enemy at head quarters. But banishing the liquors is not the way to accomplish the desired end. Men will be thirsty—that cannot be avoided—and when thirsty, they must drink, and it is proper they should do so. If alcohol is pernicious, furnish a substitute.—There is a variety of pleasant beverages, coffee for instance, perfectly innocent as the most ardent temperance man could desire. This article is freely used in the saloons of the Paris and London theatres, and has been successfully introduced into ours. The only difference in the Boston arrangement, as it now stands, is a changing of sides. The insides must go out and the outsides will rejoice at the change; that is all. A small colony of ardent characters will be settled at once in the neighborhood of the theatres; and we should not be at all surprised if they should get up an address, or vote a leather medal, or make some other public acknowledgement to their benefactors.

Perhaps there is no neglect of which we are guilty in America, which is so striking to a foreigner on his first setting out to travel among us, as that we never attempt to plant shade trees along our turnpike roads. During the intensity of the heat of the past two months, travelling on most of our turnpikes in mid-day was certainly an unwarrantable exposure of life. The sun pours down from a "copper sky," directly upon whitish stones or sand, and from its glare we have no relief, except at very long intervals, when a tree or a tavern casts a brief shadow on the path of the wayworn traveller. Seven horses were killed in one day on the road from Baltimore to Washington, the lives of all of which might have been preserved to their owners had there been plenty of shade. We throw out the hint to legislators, that it is their duty when chartering a company for the purpose of making any kind of public highway, to make it part of the condition of their privilege, that they make the road *shady*. This will be particularly desirable on rail roads and canals.

We remember an epigram made upon a farmer who stood his house out in the sun, and never planted a single tree; for the benefit of those who do likewise we here repeat it, and also recommend it to the especial attention of the stockholders of turnpike roads:—

Indulgent nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes;
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox,
Lambs fly from wolves and sailors steer from rocks;
A rogue the gallows, as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

It is stated in the London papers that peaches were selling in that market at from ten to twenty-four shillings sterling per dozen! and asparagus at thirty-three cents to one dollar a bunch. What do our readers think of peaches at from nineteen to forty-four cents a piece?—Here they can be bought of the very finest kinds at those prices for a whole peck—such we dare venture to assert as were never dreamed of in London. We certainly live in the finest country in the world for fruits, and Philadelphia is decidedly in the best location of that country. The gourmand, whether of fish, flesh, or fruit, may enjoy himself to the full in our city, and more cheaply, considering the nature of his indulgences than elsewhere. Appropos of good things—a month with the letter *R* in it has made its appearance, and the note of preparation is heard in our cellars, commemorative of the appropriate time for oysters and terrapins, as a countryman called them last winter at a refectory. We should be glad to have the opinion of some of our *ripest* political economist as to the propriety of *calling* in such an enormous quantity of shellfish—does the Philadelphia Gazette feel no anxiety least the supply be exhausted? The whole system of society would indeed be wrong in the estimation of some people, in case of such a disaster befalling us!

Washington Square.—Some exquisites pretend to turn up their delicate noses at the beautiful promenade, Washington Square, because the visitors are not sufficiently select.—This silly affectation should be discountenanced. There is no more danger of contagion from vulgar breaths here than would be in the street; each is equally free, and the necessity of association is in either place equally unnecessary.—Those witless coxcombs who are afraid of being sullied by the touch of honest people, though not so delicately appareled as themselves, should stay at home, and snuff their aromatic essences within doors.

A young woman being asked how she liked her place, replied—"very well, only master and missus talks such very much bad grammar."

A writer in the New York Evening Post proposes that relief be forwarded from America to the suffering Irish! This is a novel proposition, but we do not see that it is more preposterous than sending relief elsewhere. They are stated to be living on sea weed and half putrefied vegetables. If their own government will not maintain them, perhaps a ship load of flour and rice, sent from America, would give a gentle hint to the lazy drones who are wallowing in wealth in England, and spending their hundreds of thousands in dissipation on the continent. We hope the experiment will be tried.

An extremely hot war of words rages between the Editor of the National Gazette and that "association of physicians" who conduct the Journal of Health. Unfortunately for the latter, their tiny sheet does not admit of their waging the war in their own domain. They have successively invaded the territories of the American Daily Advertiser, the Enquirer and United States Gazette. This is, we believe, agreeable to the most approved methods of warfare, whereby the belligerents procure provender at the expense of the enemy or of a third party. We strongly suspect such fierce combats are productive of anything but "health" to the parties concerned, who should remember that one absolute requisite is to avoid the excitement of angry passions. One of the oldest men with whom we are acquainted, says that the rule whereby he has preserved his life to good old age, has uniformly been, never to allow *anything* to worry him! We strongly recommend it to others.

FOR THE ARIEL.
STANZAS.

Why do we weep and pine for those
Who've bid the world and us adieu;
To hail a land of sweet repose,
Far, far beyond our clouded view?
'Twas theirs in sorrow's paths to tread—
The stormy ills of life to brave—
In a wide flood of grief to wade,
E'en from the cradle to the grave.

They could not find substantial peace
On hoary Time's tempestuous wave:
But death has brought them sweet release,
And moor'd them safe beyond the grave;
Where they enjoy eternal bliss—
They wander o'er the lucid plains
Of Heaven; they have forgotten this
Vain world of woes and poignant pains.

Then why do we, beneath our woes,
Droop, and in death-like anguish pine,
And mourn the speechless bliss of those
Who now in robes of glory shine?

ORLA.

FOR THE ARIEL.

Since honest love first woke the trembling lyre,
And youthful poets felt the sacred fire,
Replete with virtue's ever chaste desire,
Ah, never yet has poet's dream,
However splendid were the theme,
E'er painted such a form or mein.
Refuse not then, as thine, this lay of love,
Above all price, all gold above;
Yet 'tis the lay of faithful love.
Ne'er can thy charms in words be shown,
Each grace, each virtue, is thine own,
Resembling nought but perfectness alone.

DAMON.

In Potter County, Pa. 27th ult. the rifle of Mr. Owen Gardner, accidentally went off in his hands, and lodged in the right hip of his wife to whom he had been lately married. She died three days after.

It appears that there are four hundred and thirty-two widows in Nantucket.

An anchor, weighing 6 or 7000 lbs. supposed to have been lost during the Revolution by the British or French fleet, has been taken up in Newport Harbor, by a diving bell.

Emigration of English Paupers.—Our last paper contained an article signed *M.* on the subject of emigration of paupers from England, through the aid of the parish. The author of that essay has since addressed another to the Editor of the National Gazette, in which he states that since the first article was written, "letters and papers have reached me, from which I learn that the causes which have already induced the voluntary expatriation of so many of her sons, are still rife in England. The destitution of her laboring population is greater,—their wages less than ever. At least twenty-five per cent must be deducted from my estimate of their wages in harvest; while the scale of wages fixed by the vestry, now commences at 4d. instead of 6d. per day. So that less than fifty cents per week, is now thought sufficient for the maintenance of a laboring man, in a country where most of the necessities of life are much dearer than in Pennsylvania."

He successfully contradicts the current rumor of the day that "the sweepings of workhouses" have been sent out, and remarks—

"One of my correspondents says, 'a great many people are about to set out to America—five or six want to go from this place (my native village) at the parish expense, and the overseers tell them that if they can get ten in the mind to go, they will send them but not less than ten.' A subsequent letter informs me that the overseers at length consented to send out six persons—single men—of whom the eldest is about twenty-six years of age."

"The only aged persons of whose emigration I am apprised, are the father, mother and grandmother of an individual who first came out, alone, to see the country, and, having satisfied himself of its advantages, returned for his wife and family. These, however, were far from requiring parochial aid in their undertaking."

"Another friend writes, 'There are fifty-two persons gone from Middleton, and twelve from Cropperdy. Thirty more are very desirous to go from Middleton, but the parish will not send them at present.' The writer very naturally adds, 'what will the Americans think if they keep coming in this way a few years?'"

The state of society in England is notoriously out of joint, by the admission of her own sons. The same writer remarks while speaking of the wholesale denunciations of the upper classes that they "are gross libels. Let the writer who charges with idleness yonder poor fellow who goes doggedly and spiritless to his daily toil, with nothing but barley bread and an onion for his dinner—whose daily pay is eight cents—and who cannot taste meat except as a rare or Sunday luxury,—let his calumniator, I say, but give that 'idle fellow' a job of piece work, and my life for it, he is soon satisfied that nothing but the assurance of reward was wanting to transform this once apathetic pauper into a model of patient and persevering industry."

Further on he says—

"Another and a formidable evil is yet unnoticed—the very penalties of the law have actually become premiums to the commission of crime;—death has indeed been decreed in an awfully indiscriminate manner for offences the most unequal; but the transgressor is well assured that in a majority of cases it will be commuted for transportation; and, so flattering are the accounts received from Australia, this has been hailed as a blessing, and it is notorious that crimes have been committed to secure it."

This sensible writer, after enumerating various other causes of oppression too severe to be borne, which never would be borne by a population of freemen, closes with the following paragraph: The faithful discharge of every domestic and social duty, together with the unaffected piety and resignation to the will of Providence, evinced by many of these calumniated people in circumstances of the most trying nature, could not fail to secure the respect and esteem of the most prejudiced, convincing him if this were

possible, that all the virtues are not monopolized by the wealthy, the learned, and the noble; and that vice is not inseparably connected with the ownership of a coarse and patched coat.

Shipwreck.—The Hingham (Mass.) Gazette relates a most melancholy shipwreck. The schooner *Cyrus* with all her crew, except one, perished in the gale of the 26th, off the highlands of Cape Cod. Having slipped their foresail so that it was impossible to lay to, they ran under bare poles until near eleven at night. A few minutes before eleven, says the account, the Master discovered a light. He called the second hand and they concluded it proceeded from a light house. All hands were immediately on deck, and engaged in getting up the jib and mainsail. Not more than two or three minutes elapsed before young Miller the only survivor, found himself buried in a sea which appeared to sweep the whole deck with great violence. At the same instant the vessel struck. He let go the main sheet on which he was holding with the master, and after struggling a few moments to keep himself above water, he perceived that he struck the bottom. He was twice drawn off by the undercurrent, but on a third attempt regained his hold upon a beach, and succeeded in reaching the shore. Not a trace of the crew or of the vessel could then be seen. He climbed up the bank of the shore, and reached in a very exhausted state the house of a Mr. Grozier, where he was hospitably received at about half past 11, and every attention was paid to him. Mr. Grozier and others immediately scoured the beach, but could discover nothing of the vessel or crew.—In the morning pieces of wreck, butts and barrels were scattered along the shore for miles, but no bodies could be found. The crew were probably consigned instantaneously to a watery grave by the sea which broke over the vessel when she struck. The *Cyrus* had one of the finest crews that left this port. Their names were as follows. Seth Gardner, Jr. (master); Thomas Jenkins about 27 years of age; Perkins Clapp 21 (brother in law to the capt.); Caleb Nichols 17 (three brothers) James Brown 27, and Prince Cook 18 (a black boy.) and George Miller (saved).—Those who were lost lived in the same neighborhood in Scituate. They were all young, enterprising and industrious men. The master was upwards of thirty years of age, and is known to many of us as an intelligent and highly respectable citizen. This is the first crew which has been lost from this port in the fishing business. The stroke is indeed a severe one, and excites the liveliest emotions of sympathy with those who have thus suddenly been deprived of valued relatives and friends.

Theatrical.—We have had three Theatres open during the week, and first in point of attraction we must mention the Chesnut street, occupied for a short period by the French company from New Orleans. Their performances are characterised by very great perfection in every department; indeed so scrupulously correct are the members of the company in understanding their parts, that it is difficult to relish the performances of a common-place establishment after witnessing their precision. The company has undergone some alterations; we think not for the better. A splendid *parterre* of ladies has honored the Theatre every evening of the performance.

At the Arch street house a number of old public favorites are successfully employed in pleasing the public. A Miss Armstrong is decidedly a good actress and a great acquisition. The managers announce numerous engagements; among them we are pleased to observe Mr. Kean, Jr. son of the great Kean, Mr.

Booth, Miss Clara Fisher, Madam Feron, &c. &c. They deserve and receive encouragement from the theatre-goers.

At Walnut street the Chapman family engross the stage. Miss Chapman is deservedly a favorite.

Distress in Ireland.—Awful accounts continue to reach us of the state of the Irish poor.—One paper says, "the distress in Ireland is much spoken of in the English papers, and seems to be both poignant and general. As a sample of the miserable state of want and famine which the Irish people are experiencing, we find it mentioned that in the town of Nantuck, out of a population of 2300 persons, no fewer than 1200 are enrolled as paupers. The details given of the extremity of sufferings which they endure are heart rending. Instances have taken place of persons having bled the cattle for the purpose of subsisting on the blood, of families having lived for weeks on the coarse leaves of cabbage and on the leaves of the field, without any other food; and in consequence, the poor creatures may be seen in the streets with sunken eyes, haggard and emaciated countenances, exhibiting a mixture of yellow and green that seems to vie with the unwholesome ailment on which they contrive to drag out a miserable existence." It is affirmed that many persons had not eaten three meals a week for a long time."

The circumstances attending the death of Mr. George Waker, of Fredericksburg, who died in this city on the 31st. aged 22, were truly distressing. Possessed of a good constitution, and of a lively temperament, he bid fair long to discharge the various relations of life, upon the active duties of which he was entering under the most promising auspices. In the month of May he was visited by a painful affection of the knee, with the true character of which we are not acquainted. The best medical assistance was procured, and all that science could do was done—but in vain. Amputation, it was discovered, afforded the only hope of saving his life—and to this he submitted, but alas! at too late a period. He bore the operation with firmness, and survived it only about 12 hours, after suffering a long and painful confinement of nearly four months. He was the son of Alexander Walker.

EPIGRAM.

Pair'd in wedlock, pair'd in life,
Husband suited to thy wife:
Worthless, thou, and worthless she,
Strange it is you can't agree.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot for a moment suppose that AMANDA wishes her communications made public.—There are other places and persons besides newspaper Editors who are deputed to guard public morals. To them we must refer our "fair penitent."

S. E. is informed that though by no means punctilious, we have yet spirit enough left to prevent our being—he knows the rest.

The "Walk in the State House Yard" has never met the eye of the Editor.

N. N.'s sabbatical exercises are under consideration, or as some people would say, are being considered.

The gentleman who promised to supply us with certain statistical information is reminded of his engagement.

OBTRUDIANA has wit, but lacks discrimination.

We shall be glad to hear frequently from SALMAGUNDI, senior.

THE RAMBLER possesses a fund of originality, and is invited to continue his labors.

Addresses to Buonaparte's son are too numerous to mention.

LITERARY.

LIFE OF BISHOP HEBER.—This long looked for book has at length made its appearance. It is from the pen of his wife, who, however, has had little else to do than connect the narrative of his life, which was formed by his letters and his journal of a visit to St. Petersburg, &c.—The whole is comprised in two ponderous octavos of 650 pages each, only one of which has yet been issued from the American press in New York. The profits are to go for the benefit of the family. It is one of the few really good new books which we have lately had the pleasure of perusing, and as such we cordially recommend it to the public. Its only fault appears to be its bulk, which enhances the price to five dollars, a sum which puts it beyond the possibility of very extensive circulation. Its real excellencies lead us to regret that there are so few social libraries in America, by the propagation of which institutions only, can we expect that general access will be had to standard expensive works. We have marked a great number of passages as we turned over the pages, but our limits require that we should be brief. We cannot refrain however from quoting one or two passages which exhibit the Bishop in a popular light. His biographer says, "He thought that the strictness, which made no distinction between things blameable only in their abuse, and practices which were really immoral, was prejudicial to the true interests of religion; and on this point his opinion remained unchanged to the last. His own life, indeed, was a proof that amusements so participated in may be perfectly harmless, and no way interfere with any real and moral duty."—In conversation, he was much less eager to display his own acquisitions than anxious to draw out those of others; and he rather led his hearers to think better of their own abilities than to feel mortified by his superiority. A child, by her mother's request, had been repeating her lesson to him; after listening to the little girl, he gradually began to talk to her on the subject it related to: and when she was asked how she liked saying her lesson to Mr. Reginald Heber, she answered, 'Oh! very much, and he told me a great many things, but I do not think he knows much more than I do.'"

This little anecdote conveys more than a volume of praise. The literary information in the volume before us is highly interesting to general readers, and to say all in a few words, the production is an extremely valuable contribution to the annals of modern literature.

Moore's Life of Byron is fast going through the press, and may be expected in less than a month. It is not properly known how the biographer intends treating Lady Byron and Thomas Campbell. We hear that the remarks of the former are embodied in a note, with a few words of explanation, showing the writer's gallantry, but nothing else; while the remarks of the latter are answered by giving him a rap or two across the knuckles.

Mr. Grigg has just issued a beautiful edition of *Consolations in Travel*, or the last Days of a Philosopher, by sir Humphrey Davy. This work is eminently calculated to interest the reader of whatever profession, as the strain of deep and sincere piety which pervades it throughout, is unsurpassed by any didactic publication of recent date. A very large edition was rapidly sold in London, where the most unqualified praise has been bestowed upon it. Mr. Grigg will no doubt find the unusual merit of this last work of the great philosopher to be fully estimated by the American public.

The History of England, by Sir James Mackintosh, has been issued from the press of Mess.

Careys, within the week, and forms a suitable accompaniment to the History of Scotland from the same press. The pleasure to be derived from reading the long array of stirring incidents which crowd the annals of England, is enhanced in no small degree when these events are narrated in the captivating language of the author of this new History. As an important chain in the connected History of the British Isles, now in course of publication, and coming from the pen of a character so well known and distinguished as Sir James Mackintosh, the public patronage in England has been liberally extended towards it. The sale has been prodigious; and for the edition now before us we anticipate a proportionate encouragement, the publishers having brought it out in the style of neat typography, which characterises every work from their press.

Pictures of the Indians.—We have had a glance at what is called "a great national work," being neither more less than the commencement of a series of portraits of the great Indian Chiefs, lithographed by Col. Childs, and highly colored and painted, the original pictures have been painted at various times in Washington, and preserved in the Cabinet of the Secretary of War. Great stress is laid in the prospectus upon the fact, that several Indian agents have informed the Editor that if the work is sent to the different agencies, the Indian women and children would walk 50 miles to see it! We are about endeavouring to rob them of their lands, and in lieu thereof, give them pictures to please their women and children! The Secretary of War has subscribed for 50 copies at one hundred and twenty dollars. Six thousand dollars! The sum would have made a thousand & twenty poor Indians comfortable for life. The Editor is Samuel F. Bradford of this city, assisted by Col. McKenny; they have so far received considerable encouragement—Count Surveilliers, the British Ambassador, &c. &c. having subscribed to this costly work.

Mr. Skinner has ceased to be the Editor of the American Farmer. That post is now occupied by Gideon B. Smith, who has long been connected with the establishment, and is said to be "eminently qualified" to fulfil the task he has undertaken.

From the Providence Patriot.

The character of Letitia Hardy, (sustained by Clara Fisher, in the Belle's Statagem) was written to prove the principle that it is easier to change hate into love than to excite love from indifference. The following may be taken as an illustration:—

I gave her a rose—and I gave her a ring,
And I asked her to marry me then;
But she sent them all back—the insensible thing,
And said she'd no notion of men.
I told her I'd oceans of money and goods,
And tried her to fright with a growl,
But she answered she wasn't bro't up in the woods
To be scared by the shade of an owl.

I called her a baggage, and every thing bad—
I slighted her features and form—
Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad,
And she raged like the sea in a storm;
And then in a moment I turned and I smiled,
And I called her my angel and all,
And she fell in my arms like a wearisome child,
And exclaimed—"We will marry next fall."

WOMAN'S LOVE.

There is a feeling of the heart,
A thought within the bosom's swell,
Which woman's eyes alone impart—
Which woman's blush alone can tell!
Man may be cold in love's disguise,
And feel not half the flame he speaks;—
But woman's love is in her eyes—
It glows upon her burning cheeks!

HISTORICAL.

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

Soon after the arrival of the Delawares at Wyoming, and during (the summer of the year 1742,) a distinguished foreigner, Count Zinzendorf, of Saxony, arrived in the valley on a religious mission to the Indians. This nobleman is believed to have been the first white person that ever visited Wyoming. He was the Revivator of the ancient Church of the United Brethren, and had given protection in his dominions to the persecuted Protestants who had emigrated from Moravia, thence taking the name of *Moravians*, and who two years before had made the first settlement in Pennsylvania.

Upon his arrival in America, Count Zinzendorf manifested a great anxiety to have the Gospel preached to the Indians; and although he had heard much of the ferocity of the Shawanese, formed a resolution to visit them. With this view he repaired to *Tulpehocken*, the residence of Conrad Weiser, a celebrated Indian interpreter, and Indian agent for the Government, whom he wished to engage in the cause and to accompany him to the Shawanese Town. Weiser was too much occupied in business to go immediately to Wyoming, but he furnished the Count with letters to a Missionary of the name of Mack, and the latter, accompanied by his wife who could speak the Indian language, proceeded immediately with Zinzendorf on the projected Indian mission.

The Shawanese appeared to be alarmed on the arrival of the strangers who pitched their tents on the banks of the River a little below the Town, and a Council of the Chiefs having assembled, the declared purpose of Zinzendorf was deliberately considered. To these unlettered children of the wilderness it appeared altogether improbable that a stranger should brave the dangers of a boisterous ocean three thousand miles broad, for the sole purpose of instructing them in the means of obtaining happiness *after death*, and that too without requiring any compensation for his trouble and expense; and as they observed the anxiety of the white people to purchase lands of the Indians, they naturally concluded that the real object of Zinzendorf was either to procure from them the lands at Wyoming for his own use, to search for hidden treasures, or to examine the country with a view to future conquest. It was accordingly resolved to assassinate him, and to do it privately, lest the knowledge of the transaction should produce a war with the English who were settling all parts of the country below the Mountains.

Zinzendorf was alone in his tent, seated upon a bundle of dry weeds which composed his bed, and engaged in writing, when the assassins approached to execute their bloody commission. It was night, and the cool air of September had rendered a little fire necessary to his comfort and convenience. A curtain formed of a blanket and hung upon pins was the only guard to the entrance of his tent. The heat of his small fire had aroused a large Rattlesnake which lay in the weeds not far from it; and the reptile to enjoy it more effectually, crawled slowly into the tent and passed over one of his legs undiscovered. Without, all was still and quiet except the gentle murmur of the river at the rapids about a mile below. At this moment the Indians softly approached the door of his tent, and slightly removing the curtain, contemplated the venerable man too deeply engaged in the subject of his thoughts to notice either their approach, or the snake that lay extended before him.—At a sight like this even the heart of the savage shrunk from the idea of committing so horrid an act, and quitting the spot they hastily returned to the Town and informed their companions that the *Great Spirit* protected the white man, for they had seen him with no door but a blanket, and had seen a large rattlesnake crawl over his legs without attempting to injure him. This circumstance together with the arrival soon afterwards of Conrad

Weiser, procured Zinzendorf the friendship and confidence of the Indians, and probably contributed essentially towards inducing many of them at a subsequent period to embrace the Christian Religion. The Count having spent twenty days at Wyoming, returned to Bethlehem, a Town then building by his christian brethren on the north bank of the Lehigh about eleven miles from its junction with the Delaware.—*Chapman's Wyoming.*

THE EYE.—The most extraordinary fact connected with the sensibility of the retina is, that if part of it be strongly exercised by looking for a time at an object of any bright color, on then turning the eye away or altogether shutting it, an impression or spectrum will remain of the same form of the object lately contemplated, but of a perfectly different color. Thus if an eye be directed for a time to a red wafer laid on a white paper, and be then shut or turned to another part of the paper, a beautifully bright green wafer will be seen, and, *vice versa*, a green wafer will produce a red spectrum, an orange wafer will similarly produce a blue spectrum, a yellow one a violet spectrum, &c.; and a cluster of wafers will produce a similar cluster of opposite colors.—If the hand be then held over the eye-lids to darken the eyes and prevent entirely the approach of light, the spectrum will be luminous, surrounded by a dark ground, and when the hand is again removed the contrary will be true. Again, if the eye be in a degree fatigued by looking at the setting sun, or even at a window with a bright sky beyond it, or at any very bright object, on then shutting it, the lately contemplated forms will be perceived first of one vivid color and then another, until perhaps all the primary colors have passed in review. These extraordinary facts prove that the sensation of light and color, although excitable by light, is also producible without it.—*Armit's Elements of Physics.*

COST OF CLERGY.—The established Churches of England and Ireland cost £3,352,000 a year, their followers amounting to 6,400,000 people. The Dissenters in England and Ireland amount to 14,600,000 people, who pay their religious instructors, £1,024,000 per annum. The Clergy of the whole Christian world (England and Ireland excepted) which contains 133,723,000 people, receive altogether but £3,352,000 a year. So that the clergy of all descriptions in Great Britain and Ireland, which have a population of 21,000,000, actually are paid more than that of the whole Christian world beside, by the sum of £1,024,000 per annum.

MARRIAGES.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Higgins, Mr. HUGH MURRY to Miss BARBARA ANN MCKEE, all of this city.

On the 4th, by the Rev. Dr. Skinner, Mr. WILLIAM RUSH, Jr. to Mrs. SARAH BARNES, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, Mr. WILLIAM MEAD to Miss MARIA ROSE DUCOMBE, both of this city.

On the 7th inst. by John R. Walker, Esq. Mr. WILLIAM R. SMITH to Miss LAVINIA MALVINA KROMER, both of Philadelphia County.

On the 10th July last, at Paris, the Duke De MONTEBELLO, Peer of France, to ELLEN, youngest daughter of C. Jenkinson, Esq.

DEATHS.

On the 2d inst. aged 51, Mrs. FRANCES LAIRD, consort of Michael Laird.

In Lower Dublin Township, on the 1st inst. Mr. JOHN WAGNER Senr. aged 88.

On July 4th, at her house in Upper George street Montague square, London, aged 84, Mrs. ANNE PENN, relict of the late John Penn, Esq. formerly Governor, and one of the hereditary proprietors of the province of Pennsylvania.

At New York Mr. JOSEPH W. BALDWIN, aged 34, formerly of Philadelphia.

VARIETIES.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.—A young woman named Jones, who lives by her needle, brought an action, on Tuesday last, in the Court of King's Bench, against a faithless swain, a Mr. Hume, a builder, aged 60. They were both natives of London, and evidence was given to show that the defendant had frequently promised to marry the plaintiff, but had utterly refused to fulfil his engagement. On the part of the "false one," a little French woman was produced, to show that Miss Jones had written love-letters to other gentlemen.—Cross-examined by the Attorney-General.—What is your business?—Writing, and working at my needle.—Do you tell fortunes?—No, Sir; but I have told my own bad enough. On what subject do you write?—On any subject that my pen is called for. Love-letters, I suppose?—No; not those in particular. But your *forte* is more in that way, I suppose?—No, Sir, I write on any subject. Do you write for gentlemen as well as ladies?—Yes, if they will employ me. Do gentlemen often come to you?—They do. Do you write to them on subjects of business as well as of pleasure? I wish to know your charges for a letter. A shilling for an English letter; 1s. 6d. for a French one; and 2s. for an Italian.—[Great laughter.] Miss Jones obtained a verdict, damages £150.—June 17.

A HARD HEAD.—An old gentleman was relating a story of one of your "half horse and half alligator" St. Lawrence boatmen. Says he, "he is a hard man—for he stood under an oak in a thunder storm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he dodged it seventeen times, when finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took nine claps in succession on his head and never flinched!"

Epigram on employing horses on the Stage.
No wonder that nightly such companies press,
And for places 'tis 'catch who catch can';
The reason is clear, and all must confess,
That a horse can draw more than a man.

The method by which females in Peru are accustomed to mount *en croupe* behind a horseman, proves the extreme gentleness of the animal. A knot is tied in the horse's tail; into this the foot is introduced as into a stirrup; the female then gives one hand to the rider, and is by him assisted into her place on the back of the animal, which, habituated to this contrivance, never thinks of resenting the indignity.

A SPECULATION.

Of all speculation the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of self,
Is, to buy up a fop at the price he is worth,
And sell him at that which he sets on himself.

CANADIAN GIANT.—The greatest man now in London is unquestionably Monsieur Modaste Malhoit, to whom we paid our respects, up stairs, after visiting Mr. Thom's Scottish statues. He received us with gravity, but seems altogether a pleasant fellow of his inches, which are considerable, viz: 6 feet 4½ inches in height (5 inches taller than Daniel Lambert,) 7 feet round the body, 3 feet ten inches round the thigh, and 3 feet 4½ inches round the calf of his leg.—His weight is 619 pounds, i. e. less than Lambert's. M. Malhoit has passed with all his fat, through his grand climacteric, being 64 years of age. He was originally a mill-wright at Quebec, and began to *take on* at the age of 30. His countenance is not remarkable. He eats well and a little more than an ordinary person; sleeps regularly about ten hours, and enjoys good health. His only language is French, and he converses with an agreeable tone, apparently quite alive to all that is going on about him. Reading and draughts are his chief relaxations, and he walks without any painful effort.

The island of Scio is not included within the boundaries of Greece, as fixed by the London protocol. We learn from that island that the whole population are deeply distressed at the idea of falling under the yoke of the Turks, and are extremely anxious to avoid it.

The silk establishment begun by Mr. d'Homergue, in Philadelphia, is said to be doing even better than was anticipated. All that is wanting is plenty of cocoons. Reelers are learning the art successfully, and a good deal of beautiful silk has already manufactured. No doubt is entertained of the complete success of this important enterprise.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE CONDEMNED FELON.

It is the midnight hour—
Upon yon prison's grimly frowning walls,
How sweetly calm the quiet moonlight falls,
Spreading o'er roof and tower,
A glorious beauty, tender and sublime,
Above the unhappy souls of guilt and crime!

Queen of the peaceful night!
Through the dim cell thy chastened radiance
shines,
Where a low convict on his straw reclines—
And as the quivering light
Plays on his brow, he lifts his fever'd head,
And from his eye the dew of sleep have fled.

"Ha!—Joy! 'tis but the moon,
So rudely startled me from that sweet dream—
Methought it was the morning's dreaded beam,
That thus by far too soon
Broke thro' the cherish'd darkness on my eye—
Cherish'd? ah, yes! at dawn of day I—die!

"Mild orb! as soothingly
Thy light comes down through grate and dun-
geon bar,
As erst it did on guileless night, when far
Beyond the billowy sea,
My infant form clung to its mother's breast,
And God and thou alone beheld our rest.

"At mention of thy name,
My mother! how the bye-gone years rush back!
But ah, there rests upon their glowing track,
One withering blight of shame—
Yet thou canst ne'er know, dear sainted one,
The destiny that waits thy guilty son!—

"Betrothed of my soul!
In vain you scan the Atlantic's booming surge,
Vainly through ocean mists that glance you urge;
Breezes nor tides that roll
On towards their island home, will ever bear
Aught of thy lover—save his dying prayer.

"Oh! could I but have died
On war's red plain—amid the deafening shout
Of wheeling legions had my life ebb'd out,
Then, with the hero's pride
I would have perish'd; with my faltering breath
Sent back the battle-cry, and joyed in death.

"But thus to fall—the brand
Of infamy forever on my name—
And my dark crime in characters of flame,
Throughout the startled land
Be heralded abroad on every tongue,
Till the wide world with all my shame hath
rung."—

See, the pale moonbeams fade,
And the broad shadows of the silent night
Grow faint, and fainter still as dawn's grey light
Comes down on stream and glade,
But ere the day-king looks above the wave,
That felon's form will rest within the grave.
Kensington, Aug. 23. IGNATIUS.

FARMER DOBBIN'S COMPLAINT.

Three daughters I have, and as prettily made,
As handsome as any you'll see;
And lovers they count, but still I'm afraid
They always will hang upon me.

In writing of letters and talking of love
They are foolishly spending their time—
One gives them a ribbon, and one a new glove,
And thus they are passing their prime.

These bucks of the town with their elegant coats,
I'm sick of their horses and chairs,
They plunder my hay and they pilfer my oats—
Am I keeping a tavern, my dears?

This courting, & courting, & never concluding,
Is nonsense—(I'm sorry to say.)
Your kissing and wooing is rather intruding,
Unless you will—take them away.

EPITAPH ON AN EPICURE.

At length, my friend, the feast of life is o'er,
I've eat enough and I can drink no more;
My night is come, I've spent a jovial day,
'Tis time to part, but ah, what is to pay?

MISCELLANY.

From the Ballston Spa Gazette.

Friday last, forms an epoch in the history of our Spa, as upon that evening the first fancy ball took place at the Sans Souci Hotel. A number of circumstances combined to render the effort successful, notwithstanding the shortness of the notice: this was mainly to be attributed to the inventive genius of the company, and the prompt assistance which was rendered by the artisans of the village. The characters entered the room about half past 8, preceded by a fireman in full costume; next followed a lovely Sultana from Albany, conducted by —, the *real genuine* uncle Ben himself. A Scotch lad and lassie, in the Linlithgow plaid, succeeded—then a jolly friar Tuck, whose face told little of dried peas and the crystal stream, escorting on one side a Bernese peasant girl, who strove to hide the natural dignity of her appearance under that guise; and on the other a lovely novice about to take the veil.—Maria Grazie, in whose eye there was more of danger than in her pistol, disdained all aid; four young Lancers in vain aspired to her notice—she rejected them all, and entered alone—the Brigand's Bride. Paul and Virginia, as yet unscathed by the ills of life, formed an admirable contrast to Mr. Peter McGrawler, editor of the Asineum, whose sturdy arm supported that of the immortal Piggy Lobkins. To this last and most interesting couple, we would willingly devote many sentences, but what place should we then find for the Bohemian Fortune Teller, and her companion the mysterious Astrologer! The latter was attired in an ample robe covered with signs of fearful meaning (the heads of all the Presidents!!!!) His face was hidden by a black beard and spectacles of large dimensions, and he wore a steeple crowned hat pointed to the stars. A lovely and innocent Quakeress was escorted by the infidel Voltaire; the mantle of the Philosopher could not have fallen on more worthy shoulders.—An officious little female Pedlar seemed endowed with ubiquity, her cosmetics, scissors, soaps, &c. were offered to every one with a graceful pertinacity which it was difficult to withstand, and she was particularly annoying to the refined Lord Ogleby, whose nerves were every moment tormented by the *turnation* questions of Uncle Ben, the note-making of Peter McGrawler, and the amorous advances of his Epicene friend and companion, Mrs. Lobkins.

Among the other costumes, one of the most correct, was that of a French Village Bridegroom anterior to the revolution, exhibiting a contrast of gay and sombre colors, a straw hat crowned with roses, and a queue a yard long, terminating in a bouquet. In the course of the evening, a Nun twice traversed the room in silence and covered with an impenetrable veil. Mrs. Lobkins disappeared to the great joy of the elegant Peer, but her place was soon supplied by a noisy coachman, who bore a fearful resemblance to the departed lady.

Our limits prevent us from particularizing La Dame Blanche and the Sailor Boys, La Dame Bordelaise and the Mexican Warrior, the lovely and modest Heroine of Le Rensselaer and the gentleman of the Olden time, looking with a kindly eye on the young Peasant and Flower Girls.

After the more staid part of the assembly, among whom were many distinguished names, had retired, the rest were regaled by the most melodious voice and guitar of a young Greek in perfect costume.

DULL TIMES.—There is much truth and good sense in the following remarks, which we extract from an editorial article in the Boston Centinel:—

"With the exception of a single expedition all christendom is at peace, and all Europe and America are complaining of dull times. Such complaints are incidental to periods of profound peace; not because the people do

not enjoy more prosperity, but simply because people then generally turn their attention to productive industry and commerce; competition is increased, and individual profits are smaller, because shared by a much greater number. The few who had been accustomed to profit by the embarrassments, imposed upon the mass while engaged in wars, utter the most lugubrious complaints because in peace, the mass come in competition, to the diminution of their abundant gains.

Such is peculiarly the case with the people of this country. They have become giddy with prosperity. When all Europe were engaged in permanent wars, and the whole transatlantic continent was locked up by Napoleon's CONTINENTAL SYSTEM against the English commerce and navigation, we, as enterprising neutrals, enjoyed for many years, means of prosperity unparalleled in the records of the world. Our merchants were the favored agents of all mankind. We enjoyed profound peace, and were the welcome ministering spirits of a world in arms. The consequence was that we fell into such lofty ideas of accumulating wealth, as to become unsuited to a vulgar measure of prosperity. We became extravagant as a nation, not only in our notions of acquiring wealth, but in squandering it away. We are, in fact, the most prodigal people in the world.

It is a fact well known, by those who have had an opportunity of personal observation, that the people of the old countries are far more economical than our people. It is a fundamental principle with them generally, to measure their expenses by their income, and to live within bounds. Such is not the general rule among us. We rather look to our neighbors for the rule of our expenses; we are horror struck at the very idea of appearing a whit behind our neighbors in the display of wealth. This is a much more extensive cause of ruin than any actual want of good times."

EXTRAORDINARY DESCENT IN A DIVING BELL.

An attempt is now making to raise the sloop Detroit of Albany, which was run foul of and sunk on the 22d of April last, in the channel of the Highlands, opposite West Point, with a cargo estimated to be worth about \$25,000.—By means of the diving bell, chains have been placed under her forward and aft, which when properly connected, are to be used in raising her. The weight to be raised, is estimated at from one hundred to one hundred and twenty tons. Mr. John Blair, who has frequently descended in the diving bell, in various parts of the United States, has, on this occasion, far exceeded any undertaking of the kind on record.—He descended several times to the bed of the river, being a depth of one hundred and eighty feet, where he remained on one occasion, something more than three quarters of an hour. The pressure he experienced was so great, that when drawn up, it was found necessary to place him in a warm bed for several hours, before he was sufficiently restored to converse. The bell is made of black walnut, about two and a half feet diameter at the upper part, by seven feet at the base, and about six feet in height; strongly secured with iron hoops, and loaded at the lower flang with pig iron, secured to the rim, by canvass bandage. It is perfectly simple in its construction and unprovided with the means of deriving any supply of air, other than that contained within it, when first let down upon the water. When drawn up it could be distinguished several feet below the surface of the water, from the hissing or singing noise, as the attendants expressed it, which the confined air produced through the pores of the wood. It is altogether one of the most unexampled descents ever attempted either in this or any other country.

GOLD.—The Richmond Compiler states, that Gold has been found in the county of Fluvanna, and that brilliant hopes were entertained of a rich reward for the search and

working in that direction. It also states that some cunning wights have been tracing the vein with a compass from Georgia to Virginia, and that leases have been taken of land lying under this line. The Compiler says, he "was not aware of the height to which this gold fever prevails." If our friend should visit our town and county he will learn something on this subject which will not fail to astonish him. It is unquestionably a lottery, but one in which the prizes bear a greater proportion to the blanks than any which Yates and McIntyre advertise. We saw this week, a fortnight's proceeds of one mine, in the shape of half a dozen bars of Gold, amounting in value to \$2,200. The working of the mines and the washing of the ore are now about to be conducted upon scientific principles, and, of course with much greater success.—*Fredericksburg Arena.*

A slip from the office of the New Orleans Bee, dated the 10th ult. records a murder which the editor calls the most atrocious ever perpetrated in that city. It was committed on the night of the 9th ult. and is thus related:—

Mrs. Widow Crevon, of an advanced age, and the mother of grown children, was found this morning by one of her daughters dead in her bed and weltered in her blood. It would appear that the murderer had either hidden himself in the house, or had got into it by one of the windows of the chamber, which the lady was in the habit of leaving open. At all events the monster took so well his precautions, that he executed his horrid design without being heard by the two young ladies who slept in an adjoining room, nor by the tenant of the upper story.—The victim received eleven strokes of a hatchet or knife, any one of which would have sufficed to kill her. Five or six were given on the skull which is all fractured, one was a cut across the neck, and the others were on the breast and stomach.—The assassin took hold of the keys of the arm-chair, which were placed under the pillow of the deceased, opened it without noise, and took away a bag containing a few hundred dollars in specie. Hitherto the author of the crime has not been arrested, but we trust nothing will be neglected by our police to apprehend him, and give him up to the vengeance of our laws.

THE OUTWARD BOUND SHIP.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

As borne along with favoring gale,
And streamers waving bright,
How gaily sweeps the glancing sail
O'er yonder sea of light!
With painted sides the vessel glides
In seeming revelry,
And still we hear the sailor's cheer
Around the capstan tree.
Is sorrow there, where all is fair,
Where all is outward glee?
Go, fool, to yonder mariner
And he shall lesson thee.
Upon that deck walks tyrant's sway,
Wild as his conquered wave,
And murmuring hate that must obey—
The captain and his slave!
And pinching care is lurking there,
And dark ambition's swell,
And some that part with bursting heart
From objects loved too well.
And many a grief with gazing fed
On yonder distant shore,
And many a tear in secret shed
For friends beheld no more;
Yet sails the ship with streamers drest
And shouts of seeming glee:
Oh, God! how loves the mortal breast
To hide its misery!

PUBLISHED

EVERY OTHER SATURDAY,
BY EDMUND MORRIS,
AT THE OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY BULLETIN,
NO. 95½ CHESNUT STREET, F STAIRS,
PHILADELPHIA.
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